## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1891.

## FROM THE FRONTIER.

A Correspondent Fresh From the Scenes of the Indian War Blames the

They Stayed the Hand of Miles, When a Blow Would Have Settled It All Forever.

THE RED MEN NEEDED A LESSON.

And the Failure to Administer It Is Likely to Result in Merciless Massacre in the Future.

REAL CAUSE OF THE RECENT UPRISING.

The Agent Who Has Been Catching It Hard From Every Side Has Really Not Been

BRUTAL RECREATION PERMITTED THE BRAVES

Another chapter on the Indian question is Another chapter on the Indian question is that they be given some one of the few little furnished by Mr. Charles H. Cressey, whose odd jobs of manual labor that the agent is dispatches from Pine Ridge agency during the Indian trouble were published in this paper. Out of the fulness of his experi-

-good, bad and indifferent-was the long continued failure on the part of Congress to do its full duty, particularly in the matter of surrounding its appropriations in a manner insuring a certainty of the Indian Department, so called, making the issue of supplies with the promptness necessary.

Indians went hungry, they became exasperated by hunger, while Congress discussed tariff reform.

Then too, there was and is the red tape curse. Indians are mere children in one striking particular-they know no friendship or entertain no confidence when the other party promises and then fails to promptly fulfill that promise. The Indians know nothing of legislation or departmental

## Imagines Promises Broken.

The Great Father promised, he says, in return for his land to give him all the provisions and clothes he wanted, or at least a reasonable amount. To the Indian mind, ions fail to come regularly, the Great Father has broken his promisethen the Indian sees strong and sufficient grounds for mutiny. Not only bave his provisions frequently been delayed, but he has been put upon land that is utterly barren, ptterly untillable. Poor almost the very poorest of clothing has been sent to nim, and it wears out and drops completely from his body long before the time for a new supply arrives, then he resorts to his blanket, leggins, etc., which are made by his own people, and which last an honest length of time.

I am not a particle surprised that nine tenths of the more than 250,000 Indians on the Government reservations in this country to-day still cling to their blankets, leggins and moccasins. As between the alleged civilized garments-miserable in material and fraudulent in make-with which the Indians are furnished, and the strong, warm, well-made, picturesque costumes of their own handswork, they show, in my estimation, excellent good judgment in choosing the latter.

Jeans Are Good Enough.

I would not suggest to the Government furnishing the Indians with English melton, broadcloth or fine cheviot, but I do insist that if the Government would furnish them so very expensive a class of suiting as plain, every-day jeans, that Mr. Indian would have a much better opinion of Mr. Great Father, and be more inclined to believe in him than is the case at present. I am no lover of the Indian, nor am I a hater of the Indian. My one object is simply to state a few plain facts as I found them at the Pine

By nature and by instinct the Indian is pastoral, not commercial. Congress has seemed to appreciate this fact to the extent of putting him on barren land, giving him a lot of fifth rate implements and telling him to earn his bread like the white man. You might as well plow for grain on a ballroom floor as to plow for it on Pine Ridge reservation.

"The Government has provided big, good schools on the reservation. When the Indian students finish the course of study there they can go to the great Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., and graduate."

Yes, and then what? What becomes of nine and three-quarters tenths of them after they get back from Carlisle? You don't Well, I'll tell you; they go back to Pine Ridge, back to the herribly filthy, the vermin-ridden tepees of their ancestors, and ized, to all intents and purposes, as they were before they took that long course of

schooling at home and abroad.

The Red Man's Recreation cores of times, while busy at Pine e query came to my mind-what in heaven's name are these people living for? No wonder they want to go to war if for nothing more than to relieve the crazing monotony of their existence. Think of ing monotony of their existence. Think of it-not a thing on earth to do, day in and in itself sufficient to stagger even the most day out! I'm wrong, they do have just three slight recreations, divertisements or what-ever you may class them—two for the bucks and one for the squaws-and mark what they are! Every two weeks or so the agent turns loose about 100 steers on a sweep of prairie east of the agency, and the bucks. stride of poules, and armed with gun or bow and arrow, let loose in a grand chase

ture, and the way in which they enjoy the barbarous practice is simply revolting. When the members of a lodge down a steer they gather around it with their knives, and if any life remains in the poor creature

and so on. After getting the greatest amount of sport possible out of this seance of torture, they proceed to skin, quarter and take it home. You should see them ride through the agency with great pieces of the fresh beef tied to their saddles and dripping with blood, and with their faces and hands all smeared with blood. Such is one of the recreations indulged in by the bucks.

The Other Divertisement. Their other is to strip to the skin, paint up, stick war bonnets upon their heads, get out their tomahawks, take up a position on the agency square and hold a wild and weird dance, tell stories of battle and massa-

EASTERN PHILANTHROPISTS

ore—and then go home and feast on roast dog. As for the squaws, their one divertisement is the squaw dance. They form a circle, jump up and down till they can't jump any longer, and go home and eat pupps soup.

puppy soup.

I speak of these divertisements in this connection because I discovered to my complete satisfaction that the two indulged in by the bucks play a certain distinct part in keeping alive the love for the barbarous and the war associations. If the Government really means to do something to civilize and better these Indiana, and thus to lessen the probabilities of Custer massacres and Wounded Knee battles, why, in the name of the commonest of common sense, does it not do away with the barbarous beef-killing disgrace, and have the beef issued in a civilized manner, and have civilized manner; and why doesn't it pass a little rule requiring the bucks to dance clothed instead of naked? There will be time enough for them to dance naked after they become civilized and attend a tew swell

Teaching Them Trades.

If the Government is really in carnest about wanting to better the Indians' condi-tion, why don't it erect an extensive industrial or trade school at every agency? Indians will work if they are shown how, if they are shown that they can make money by working. My close observation at Pine Ride thoroughly convinced me that there is no more disposition to laziness among Indians than among white people, the chances for employment being equal. Indians crowded the office of their agent every day I was there, their errand being literally to beg that they be given some one of the few little. compelled to hire done.

Teach these Indians to make boots, shoes, clothing, furniture, etc., and to run ma-chinery. They will be found as bright and chinery. They will be found as bright and industrious a set of apprentices as there is in the land. The Government wheelwright, harness and blacksmith shops, the sawmill, etc., which do simply the very limited amount of work necessary to run the agency, all contain Indian journeymen and apprentices, whose work and habits fully correlated investigation in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent among the Indians. utmost capacity with Indian apprentices, both young and old.

Scatter Among the Whites.

As soon as one learns his trade, find him a place among the whites—the Indian good-doing society, or whatever it is, could help at this—and so keep pushing or drawing them away from the reservation and their barbarous Indian life associations and scat-tering them among the whites. When the time comes that they have completed their trade in such a trades school, let the Government arrange perhaps to give each one his share in cash of the Indian reservation land, as a starter in the world.

Such a plan would not only help them to Such a plan would not only help them to forget barbarism, break up dangerous tribal relationships and factions; would not only give them a practical, everyday useful knowledge and equipment for getting along in the world as civilized people do—give them something to live for—but American citizenship will have received a fresh strain of valuable and tireless vigor which—and mark it well—will not prove half so treacherous, half so devilish as much of that erous, half so devilish as much of that which now enters the arteries of our national life, and which has not a thousandth part the claim upon American sufferance and citizenship that the Indian has.

Yes, it was idleness, idleness, idleness the long accumulated effect of idleness, made possible—and I will say enforced—by the government under which they live, that formed a certain part of the cause of the

As to the part played by the ghost dance in producing this great show of hostilities, my thorough investigation convinces me that it was important. The ghost dance in the midst of Indians was productive of more mischief than the wild, shouting camp meeting amid whites simply because of the doctrine promulgated by a portion of the participants, namely, that after a time the Indian Messiah would come, cause the earth to open and swallow up all the whites, and bring back the buffalo, deer and other game that the Indians love so well. After getting hold of this doctrine a few of the more fanatical began advocating the idea of help assist in the extermination of the whites, and particularly the soldiers. Not, however, until the worst element on the reservation began preaching this idea of assisting prophecy, was the ghost dance a particle more dangerous among the Indians than is the dance now permitted on the agency. Unfortunately the feeling among the Indians generally, that they had been deeply wronged by the Government, made it possible for this idea to become very popular. To my personal knowledge much lotting was done at the ghost dance-that

The Agents Didn't Cause It. As to the relation of the Indian agent the uprising, I believe it to be as nil. Viewed in the broadest sense I am convinced that the fact as to whether he was a superior or an inferior man for the place had no particular weight. The Indian agent of to-day does not possess the possioility of effecting peace or war-nor of stealing—that did the agent of yesterday. The Indian—call him dull, ignorant, superstitious and all that sort of thing, if you will has, I discovered by personal contact, very little down right respect, disgust, or even care whatsoever for these under servants whom the Government sends to dole out his flour and shoddy. The agent is constantly

it finally became a veritable war dance.

on the defensive, and in just as unobtrusive It is true that in name he is the sole arhiter of affairs, both personal and general, on the agency. Notwithstanding this, ees that his personal safety be enhanced if he patronizes rather than commands. Men who to-day become Indian agents without first understanding that the come into the position simply as a political incident and not by reason of their qualifi-cations, are ignorant indeed. But such men are few. Your bright agent of to-day spends very little time experimenting in philanthropic or even rulership schemes. His main idea is to get through each quarter, draw his salary and begin a new quarter, with just as little to do with the Indians under his charge as possible.

May Protest in Vain. Oh, I know that my assertions in this connection may call out many "cards," but all the same I know just what I say is truth. The task—providing even that his mental balance is reasonably period—of dealing with 6 000 Indians entirely through dealing with 6,000 Indians entirely through

self-sacrificing recipient of an Indian agency appointment No, the Indian agent is not responsible for enough of the present trouble to call him "in at" at all.

As to the Government's treatment of the Immediately on my arrival at Pine Ridge agency-the middle of November-I secured the best scouts possible, and daily had them make secret trips into the camp of the Indians who were regarded as unfriendly. Indians who were regarded as unfriendly. I myself obtained an interpreter and daily went up and down through the camp of the friendlies. In this way I secured my information first-handed and kept up with they jab its eyes out, ent off its tail and ears every move of any importance that was contemplated. Before the end of the first week I was thoroughly satisfied that the Government was doing eminently the best thing possible in sending troops to the scene of agitation. Through channels of private information exclusively my own and that could be worked only with the greatest difficulty and by taking serious risks, I found the Indians fully resolved upon war. Their plan at that time was to have a great fight in the very near future.

Bravado of the Sioux.

Bravado of the Sloux. There has been an element of the admirable about the Indians' course in this trouble all along, and I say it, with all emphasis possible, notwithstanding he kept me dodging bullets for two hours at the battle of Wounded Knee. To him it was a coolly calculated duel to the death for wrongs which he keenly felt had been inflicted upon him by the power whom the soldiers reprehim by the power whom the soldiers repre-sented. He did not mince matters a particle. He was a Sioux, and the Sioux never have been conquered. To show his contempt for the demonstration of military power that had been massed about him, he went on pillag-ing and burning the homes of the settlers, stealing and butchering scores of big private herds of cattle. He committed a thousand crimes, for any one of which a white man would have been run down and most severe-

ly punished. The spectacle presented by several thou-sand of these devils plundering the homes of sand of these devils plundering the homes of frontiersmen, stealing Government stock by the thousand of head, most of the time within less than a day's march from the camp of the United States army, and not a finger being raised by the latter to stop the high-handed wholesale work of crime, was a spectacle that drew forth derision and taunts from not only the press of America but, of from not only the press of America, but of all Europe. But no one expressed more wonderment at this spectacle than dld the red-skinned depredators themselves.

It Was a Bad Lesson. During the three weeks that spectacle lasted the now hostile Indians gained more self-reliance, more of uter fearlessness of the military power of the Government than they ever gained before in any ten years of their history. I have the word of many thoroughly civilized Indians who talked with these hostiles daily, that this was so, I have more proof; I have the word of many of those hostiles themselves, spoken to me direct, that the permitting of such a thing by the Government has put a feeling of power into the Indians that will result in a mighty tragedy most fearful to contemplate. However much good the Indian loving

However much good the Indian loving philanthropists of the East may claim to have done in the past in the way of secur-ing justice toward these creatures, they have show to have been one of the most serious, most stupendous of blunders in bringing to bear upon the administration the avalanche of influence that they did and which of influence that they did and which succeeded in hampering and finally blocking the wheels of the War Department. Those wealthy, influential devotees of false, ignorant theories relative to handling Indians who are on the war path may certainly now themselves there have been sales. now throw themselves back in their tilting chairs, and caress their well-fed forms with a deal of satisfaction over having been the power behind the Presidental chair, that has made this regular army of America the laughing stock of the world, and has averted for the time being any more Indian blood-

They Will Rise Again.

But, when these Indian lovers in the East take up their morning papers and read that the Indians, to save whose blood from being spilled they pulled their influential string with so signal success, have again suddenly aroused in greater might than ever, have caught the whole Western country off its guard—the soldiers departed to their respective forts—the thousands of settlers on the Northwestern frontier detenceless prey to their insatiable thirst for blood; let those Indian fad affectors know where the whole blame will rest.

effectively by these Eastern so-called be-frienders of the Indian is a feature of this whole campaign which in point of potency has probably never before been surpassed in history. From 3,000 to 5,000 armed Indians are plundering and ing the homes of settlers and ing and slaughtering thousands of Government cattle. The military is called arrives upon the scene, is possessed of ample power to check the diabolical work. But what happens? The soldiers are strung out around the great territory where the devil-ish work is going on. Instead of the War and Indian Departments harmoniously and with an everlasting firmness demanding of the Indians that they stop their hellish work, and if they refuse force them; giving them a certain time-a week or ten days-in which they must surrender their arms as prisoners of war, or have them taken from their dead bodies; instead of this what do we see? A long series of peace-begging conferences humbly solicited by—shame! shame! shame!—the army.

The Power Behind It All. It gave me a feeling of simply nauseating disgust for the general in command. The faces of his own officers were pictures of supreme disgust. This continued for a month or more when finally one day I sawnever will it be known by what chance—a package of official dispatches. Instantly my disgust was withdrawn from the officer in command and centered upon the Indian fad affectors in the East. It became clear as day to me that the hands of the War De partment had been rendered almost useless by the ironelad influence wielded by those Eastern Indian lovers. In the light of other secret information which I obtained, I am warranted in stating that the course pursued by those in command of the troops was almost if not wholly opposite to the dictates

of their own judgment.

And, mark it, the soldiers of Pine Ridge agency wanted, begged to be allowed to fight the main body of the hostiles. Many of these old soldiers grew mad as furies as they discussed the attitude in which they were being placed before the country.

The Indians still mean to fight! The Indians still mean to light!

If they mean peace if they are done with war why do they not give up their arms? I can produce 50—yes 100 persons whose statements will go unchallenged before any court in the country, who will take their solemu oath to the effect that they have seen as many as 2,000 guns, principally Winchesters, together with great quantities of small arms, ammunition, etc., in the posses-sion of Indians concerned in this uprising, and now in the near vicinity of Pine Ridge

A LARGE DIAMOND ROBBERY.

The Thieves Secure Their Booty Withou Disturbing the Watchman SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 31 .- A statement

is published that the diamond house of Colonel A. A. Andrews was entered some nights ago and over 65 diamond lockets and about 50 diamond scarf pins of a total value of \$7,500 was taken by burglars from the showcase without disturbing the watchman Detectives kept the matter quiet, but have not succeeded in obtaining any clew to the

Given a Home Once More. Thomas Knibain, a Polish newsboy, who has been sleeping in wagons for several days, was sent to the TannehiM Street Orphan Asylum yesterday by Agent O'Brien. He is supposed to be the little Southside beggar. He now has a story about both his parents being dead.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY has cured many cases of croup in this vicinity, one in my own family, and it is exact! what it is recommended to be. I have sold it for two and a balf years, and know it to be reliable. As long as I have Chamber-lain's Cough Remedy I can sell no other. J. P. Mellstrup, merchant, Ephriam City,

FURNITURE upholstered and repaired. HAUGH & KEENAN, 38-34 Water street

The World's Mad Monarchs and the Duc d'Orleans' Deductions.

AN AMERICAN DUCHESS TO THE PRONT

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. On the 2d of April, 1889, Paris correspond ents of American newspapers cabled as

"General follows: Boulanger is the most prominent Frenchman in the Republic today, and a democratic administration could tuining the kingly not do without him." of United States Min-

changed wonderfully for the General. The intrigues and many little scandals with which his name has been connected, have caused him to be almost entirely obliterated from the list of notables. So complete has been this movement, that he has found it necessary to inform his friends that "although extinct, he is not yet buried," to use the phraseology of Editor Stead. Nevertheless, his following is decidedly meager, and what there is of it so very much mixed in idea and design, that the various individuals are shooting not only hot words, but bullets at each other to emphasize their several opinions.

The fact of the matter is, France is tired of its idol of two years ago and "can" do without him. To cap the climax, even his wife wants to "do without him," and has, during the past week, applied for a divorce. It seems that at one time enthusiastic writers set it forth that the General was an especial favorite of the ladies. To use the exact words of one: "He is the especial hero of feminine France, and he reciprocates to the feminine France, and he reciprocates to the fullest extent the admiration of the ladies."

Now right there Madam Boulanger drew the line. She was content to have him the hero of France; the idol of the military and the admiration of the ladies; but, for him to reciprocate—oh, nol In this respect Madam B. was decidedly against "reciprocity;" hence the divorce suit.

It is almost safe to say that Boulanger, with a divorce affair in his skeleton closet; a money scandal on his hands and his term.

a money scandal on his hands and his tew friends "forninst" each other, is almost as dead to the world of the present and future

Where England Is Having Trouble. The traveler in the Gulf of Aden at the present time, who happens to pass a point on the coast situated about 100 north latitude and 450 east longitude, will see a bustling town of perhaps 20,000 inhabitants, all engaged in business of some kind or another. The principal articles of trade are coffee, grains of different kinds, ghee, golddust, ivory, gums, cattle, ostrich feathers and slaves, representing the interior products, brought here to be bartered for cotton, rice, iron, etc. Let the same traveler visit the spot three months hence and he will see huge piles of garbage and little more. Not a single human being or building will great his eye. This is the place or town which on the many bears the name of Berbera of Somali Land. It presents the rather curious phenomena of a big thriving town for six months of the year and a barren waste the months of the year and a barren waste the stood at 22 and on the 6th 35, which was the dust, ivory, gums, cattle, ostrich feathers balance. Berbera, in fact, is nothing more nor less than a big fair ground, where the natives of the interior gather once a year to trade the products of the season for the ar-

ticles mentioned.

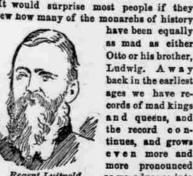
It is hardly necessary to inquire how the ourselves as to the character of the people They are notorious for cheating, lying and thieving. At the present time the English Government, which controls that territory, is having a great deal trouble with them, and have been compelled to organize a camel corps of Indian soldiers, which will be posted along the coast to follow these depre-dators whenever they make their appearance in the neighborhood of the settlements.

Bavaria's Mad King. It seems as if Bayaria was determined to be rid of insane monarchs, when it is an-

nounced that Prince Luitpold, the present regent, will next month be summoned to the throne in place of poor imbecile Otto. It is said tion is the result of the exhibition of able statepold has displayed since the reins of Government were placed in his hands, and yet it does not seem

any time since the Bavarians openly de-clared their belief that Luitpold was responsible for Otto's insanity, and also that of his brother and predecessor, Ludwig. What reason they had for this opinion is not known, but certain it is that many of the people of that country believed that Luitpold killed Ludwig, and is now slowly killing Otto. How they manage to attribute Otto's madness to the regent is somewhat beyond the ordinary individual's compre-hension, but that Otto is mad there is not the slightest doubt. The poor fellow is an inmate of the lonely castle of Nymphenberg, with no interest above shooting at ants from his window, peeling potatoes, flopping his arms in imitation of the and flopping his arms in eagle he imagines himself to be.

The World's Mad Monarchs. It would surprise most people if they knew how many of the monarchs of history



Ludwig. Away back in the earliest ages we have re cords of mad kings and queens, and the record continues, and grows even more and

Regent Luispold. as we advance into later periods. Scripture has its Nebuchadnezzar, who for seven years was as crazy as well could be; also Saul, whose pardued by the tuneful tones of David's harp, can be attributed to nothing else than a species of madness. Five of the Cessars were more or less insane. A Roman author de-scribes Caligula as being "crazy in mind and body." Nero was either mad or the most atrocious monster in history, and Domi-tian, by his desire for blood and other eccentricities, must be considered "off." Diocle-tian, Commodus and Heliogabalus were also

far from sane.
France has had its mad Kings in Charles VI., Charles VII. and the unfortunate dauphin, Louis XVII. England has had its Lear and George III., and there are some who declare that Victoria is not altogether well balanced in mind. Isabella, Queen to John of Castile, ended her days in insanity,

and her granddaughter, Joanon, wife of Philip of Flanders, who inherited the taint, is one of the saddest figures in history. Among the Czars, Ivan the Terrible was not only a lunatic, but a dangerous one. Ivan, brother of Peter the Great, was as bad, and so was the son of Peter III., Czar Paul, who began by exhuming his father's corpse from the grave, crowning it and otherwise showing his madness. This was the monarch who, in the year 1800, challenged all of the potentates of Europe to single combat, bidding them bring "with them as seconds and squires the most enlightened Ministers and most able Generals, such as Messra, Turgot, Pitt and Berenstoff." He also issued ukases against the use of shoestrings and round hats, and painted all the sentry and round hats, and painted all the sentry boxes, gates and bridges of the empire in such glowing colors that a color blind Fiji would have went wild with joy at seeing

The Duc d'Orleans. The cause of the prevalence of insanity among the scions of royalty is a question often asked. Probably the intermarriage of close relatives for the purpose of main-

They were the words this hypothesis, no doubt, that the Duc d'Orleaus bases his objection to wedding the Princess Marguerite. It seems house of Orleans, having been informed of the evil results

of such marriages by a learned doctor, lost no time in bringing the matter to the attention of his father and finally refused absolutely to marry his cousin. A broken engagement was the re-sult, but the relations of the father and son sult, but the relations of the father and son suffered a severe strain in the operation. This fact does not seem to concern the young man much from all appearances, and he will be likely to gain his point, having quite a will of his own, as was evident from the boldness with which he went to France last year against the express interdiction of that Government, and insisting on being accepted as a soldier was thrown into prison for his pains. His term did not last long, however, but he certainly gave the authorities a taste of his pluck. ties a taste of his pluck.

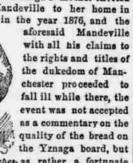
Napoleon's Retreat From Moscow The extremely severe weather from which Europe has been afflicted lately is abating. In the meantime there is hardly any doubt that the one or two survivors of Napoleon's town like a mower mows down the grass terrible Russian campaign of 1812-13 have had ample opportunity to compare notes. The winter in question was hardly as severe as a dozen that could be mentioned in the last century, but it is particularly notable on account of the tremendous loss of life in the retreat of the French army from Russia.

Under the eircumstances a short resume of the part the weather had to do with the disaster ought to be interesting here. Winter set in early that season. The Winter set in early that season. The French army began its retreat on the 18th of November; Napoleon leaving the Muscovite empire on the day following. On the 23d the evacuation of Moscow was complete, and the entire army was marching toward Smolensk with the snow falling heavily and steadily for a number of days past. The Frenchman, Larry, tells us that when the army started, a thermometer which he carried registered 15° Fahrenneit. That part commanded by Ney, escaped from the Russian troops, by whom it was surrounded, by crossing the Dneiper, which froze over the night before they started. The day before, Russian troops with cannon had crossed stood at 22 and on the 6th 35, which was the day after Napoleon issued the famous "Bulletin No 29," announcing the awful disaster which had overtaken his forces.

Su period

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When Consuela Yznaga's mother invited the Viscount Mandeville to her home in Orange, N. J., in the year 1876, and the



event was not accepted as a commentary on the quality of the bread on the Yznaga board, but Duchess of Manches- as rather a fortunate eircumstance for Consuels, who, while acting as nurse for the nobleman, managed to conveniently fall in love with him, and it being returned, the result was a marriage. Everybody in this country rejoiced at the idea of a future American Duchess of Manchester, although the Yznaga family were really Cubans born and raised. Public attention is again attracted to the family through a proposed alliance of the dowager duchess with the family of the Duke of Devonshire by marriage to the Marquis of Hartington. The interesting complications of such a match were referred to in THE DISPATCH'S cable-

grams yesterday. Burns' Natal Day. Immortal shade of Robert Burns, On this thy natal day. The heart of Scotland to thee turns Her homage fond to pay,

She clings to thee, thro' woe and weal Thy name her proudest boast, Her loyal heart, tried stanch and leal Holds thee her best lov'd toast,

Her straths and hills, her gions and lakes Re-echo to thy fame,
Her curling streams, her tarns and brakes
Are hallow'd by thy name.

Her daisy prink'd begowan'd les, Her blue-bells wat wi' dew, Drive new charms lov'd Bard from thee To warm Scotch hearts anew. The exil'd Freen an' brither Scot,

The laddie far frac hame, Where chance or choice may cast his lot, Claims kinship with thy fame, And ever as the day returns. That gave to thee thy birth, He greets thy name, O! Robert Burns Wi' songs o' praise au' mirth. Dwell where he may, the hardy Scot

To lay upon thy shrine, From lands afar his heart returns This night to classic Ayr; He roams this night with thee and Burns, 'Mang scences thy muse makes fair.

By bosky dell and puriing stream
Whaur fays an' kelpies lurk,
He wanders on with thee to dream,
O' Allon's haunted kirk. The banks an' brass o' Bonnie Doon

Thy saint'd Mary's shrine, Are his to love a' things aboon, For Robbie, they were thine. Frae Buchanneys tae John o' Greats, At ilka ingleside, Thou honor'd art, the wale o' Scota, Auld Scotia's joy and pride.

O Burns, the heart of Scotland thrills At mention of thy name, Her meads, her streams, her vales, her hills, Thy heritage of fame. The faults, the follies of her son She will not closely scan: She proudly claims her gifted one, Her Plowboy-Poet Man.

SHILOR'S CURE will immediately



CAMERON SEEKS SECLUSION AT FORTRESS MONROE.

OVER A CENTURY OLD. James Stephenson Macready, Who

ONE OF THE HEROES OF WATERLOO. He Also Battled With General Jackson at

Lives in the West End,

New Orleans. SOME OF HIS VIVID REMINISCENCES

"Ah, sir, many a time that day I licked the French blood from my sword to cool my tongue; and, I tell you, we mowed them

wi' his scythe." These are the words of a man still living in this city, used in his thrilling description of the battle of Waterloo, in which he was a soldier under Wellington. This old hero will be 102 years of age the 12th of next July, according to the record in the old

family Bible in Ireland. It was on the 24th of last December that THE DISPATCH published something about the veteran. It had been reported to the Board of Health that he was sick and in destitute circumstances. These reports were found upon investigation to be untrue, for he had not only enough to live upon, but was negotiating for the disposal of some property in Philadelphia, which would give him a fair compensation.

In the Home of the Veteran The venerable veteran, a soldier of two The venerable veteran, a soldier of two famous wars, James Stephenson Macready, lives in an abode, as interesting as the man himself, in an alley in the West End. The other day a visit was made to him in company with Captain S. L. Fullwood and Colonel William A. Herron, both old citizens and military men. When the door opened Mr. Macready's first words, passed over the body of a vicious dog lying on the step, were:

the step, were:
"Is that you, William Herron?" Just as prompt was the reply of the Colonel, "Why, Mac, is this where you live? I thought you were dead 40 years ago."
Mr. Macready was born in Scotland and was taken to Ireland, to the County Antrim, where he grew up, and, curious enough. where he grew up, and, curious enough, in the neighborhood of some of the ancestry of Colonel Herron. He crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel in 1809, landing at Philadel-phia. He at once got a job of work at 50 cents a day, but as he had to pay \$1 25 a week for his board, he exercised the preroga-

tive of the individual workman of those days, and ouit. From Philadelphia he came to Pittsburg in 1810, walking the entire distance, and passing his first night within the present limits of the city in a log cabin still stand-Liberty, on Penn avenue, now covered with weather-boarding. He got employment here at 60 cents a day, still paying \$1 25 a

His Military Career.

He enlisted in the Duquesne Blues with many well-known Pittsburg boys, whose names fall glibly from his tongue, for service in the war of 1812. After a short campaign on the shores of Lake Erie he went with his company to re-enforce Jackson at New Orleans, going down the river on flat boats "We got there," the old man says, "just in time to get behind the cotton bales and see the closing up of the war." He located his soldier's warrant for land on the site of the town of Sharpsburg, and sold it some years after for \$80.

Immediately upon his return from New

Orleans Mr. Macready sailed for Ireland on a visit to his friends. He at once enlisted in "Scot's Grays," a famous cavalry regiment, for service in the campaign against Napoleon. Telling this the old man says:
"You see I fought in America against the British and then went home and fought for them against the French." It is in the description of this great battle that the elo description of this great basis that the elo-quence of the old man rises to its height. Could he tell his story on the platform in Old City Hall as he does from his chair in his humble abode he would never again

know want.

"Ah," he says, "it is so long ago, and I grow so weary a talking," nevertheless he makes historically accurate and thrillingly eloquent references to "Old Bony," as he calls him, to Wellington, to Hongamont, to Blucher, to Grouchy, and to the movement of the troops. Warming up to the excitement of the time, the old hero takes up his broomstick, goes through the English manual of arms, shows how the British infantry formed their hollow squares against the French, how they fired from the hip, fell to the knees to load their muskets and the heavy cavalry dismuskets and the heavy cavalry dis-mounted with the long saber bayonet on the end of the carbine.

His Vividness of Description

"The French didn't care to try us more than once," says the old soldier. "Ah, sir, many a time that day I licked the French blood from my sword to cool my tongue, and, I tell you, we moved them down like mower mows down the grass wi' his scythe, and, he adds proudly, "I come off without a One can almost hear the clash of the

saber, the rattle of the musketry, the shrill notes of the fife, the roll of the drum and the notes of the fife, the ron of the old man goes on music of the bagpipe as the old man goes on "The with his description of the battle. "The drums," he says, "were covered with asses' skin and could be heard from Temperanceville to the hills of East Liberty." He tells of the Scotchwoman who heard the pibroch in the distance, and came down dancing among the troops, singing out merrily, "cheer up, my laddies, the Campbells are

For all his service in both these wars the old man is without a pension, and this for the reason that he has never applied, "I have always been able to earn an honest lly ing," he says, "and if I get disabled I think the State of Pennsylvania or Allegheny will keep me the rest of my life." A couple of weeks ago the old man was injured by a sewer pipe rolling upon him when he was at work on the streets of the city. He says he has the promise of a job in Wightman's glass works as soon as he shall be able to get

out. He also counts on an early visit to Ireland. "And," he says, "if I get home to Ireland I will apply for a pension."

He indignantly rejects any overture to take up his abode in a soldiers' home. The take up his abode in a soldiers' home. The room in which he lives is indescribable. All sorts of packages dangle from low strings stretched across the ceiling; the walls are covered with brica-brac of every kind: pans, skillets and cooking utensils. The old man does his own cooking and washing. His only companions are a dog, two chickens and three cats. He has scant clothing for his bed; "But," he says, "on the cold nights I sit up all night in my rocking chair in front of my fire and keep meself warm." But if every visitor will treat the old man as Colonel Fullwood and Colonel Herron he will have no need of a pension.

His campaign of life is nearly over. He His campaign of life is nearly over. He says he "always hung onto the Whig party until the breakin" up time." When Buchanan was nominated he voted the Democratic ticket, "But, he adds, "if I had vomited as often as I have regretted it, I would be a dead mon." He launches out in a vigorous tirade on Buchanan for "trying to turn over the Government to the rebels, the old raseal and I never voted the Democratic old rascal, and I never voted the Democratic

old rascal, and I never voted the Democratic ticket again, and I never will."
"If I could have caught Jeff Davis, he says, "I would have put him on a pole and shot him." The old man was raised a United Presbyterian, in Ireland, under Rev. Samuel Alexander, of Antrim, and about 50 years ago took up his church membership in this city under Rev Belbard Lea who is this city, under Rev. Bichard Lea, who is still living in New Alexandria, Pa., in the 80th year of his age.

MILLIONAIRE IN RAGS.

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE IN ITALY OF A MAN OF WEALTH,

Almost to Death and Robbed and Imprisoned as a Tramp-He Returns to New York & Woful Looking Object of

Poverty. New York, Jan. 31 .- Alexander Vonein, a Napa, Cal., millionaire, landed at the Barge Office ragged and greatly emaciated, in company with 485 Italians, from the steamship Burgundia, from Naples, Mr. Vonein told of a European trip, taken for pleasure and health, which almost resulted in his death, after he had first been robbed and sent to prison as a vagrant. He was registered, and then went to the Custom House and presented a letter of introduction. which he carried from the United States Consul at Marseilles, to Collector Erhardt, telling the story of his trials and tribula-The consul asked that he be assisted to his home, which the collector agreed

Vonein's story is that about five months ago he left his palatial residence and friends in Napa, Cal., and went to Italy for the good of his health. With him he took \$5,000 in gold currency, and over a dozen letters of introduction from California and New York business men. After wandering about for some time and making a pro-longed stay in Genoa, he listened to a voice which described in glowing colors the beauties of Monte Carlo. He decided to visit the place, and one night packed his gripsack. This done, he went out for a stroll, and was waylaid, beaten and robbed of his money, jewelry, letters of introduction, and even his coat, hat and waistcoat. He was police. Efforts were made by the police to catch the robbers, but nothing was recov-

Vonein finally started to beg his way to Nice, eating the food that he received from the peasants. On arrival at the seaport city he thought that at last he was in the hands of triends. Again he was mistaken, for when the police caught sight of the dirty, ragged and enfeebled man, he was arrested as a tramp and sentenced to 30 days in prison. Vonein served his 30 days in prison, and then tramped to Marseilles, where ap-plication to the American Consul met with a hearty response, and he was shipped to

ALLEGHENY'S BUILDING BOOM.

lmost Two Million Dollars Put in New Structures Last Year.

The report of the Allegheny City assessors, given out yesterday, shows the total valuation of the city to be \$52,000,000. The total number of new buildings erected in the city last year was 968, and their valuation was \$1,852,850, an increase of \$215,350 over The total number of brick dwellings in

the city is 8,093, and frame, 9,408, making a total of 17,501. In the new buildings the Second ward led the list, 177 having be erected in that ward at a cost of \$415,150.

THE CANADIAN DISSOLUTION. The Official Gazette Contains No Mention of

the Proposed Action. OTTAWA, ONT., Jan. 31.-The Officia Gazette, issued to-day, does not contain any notice about the dissolution of Parliament. It is believed that the Government will take no action until Sir Charles Tupper ar-

Confinement and Hard Work Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a toulc. Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and agreeably than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature? Use also for disspensia, kidney, liver and rheumatic aildyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic

MR. J. A. CARTER, of Wells, Ore., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is good and gives entire satisfaction to my customers."

## WANAMAKER'S IDEAL

Some Suggestions Growing Out of the Experience of the Postmaster General:

RELIEF FROM THE ROUTINE

Through a Secretary Who Should Be Paid \$10,000 a Year.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND SAVINGS.

Supervision by Districts and a Fixed Tenure of Office.

FREE COINAGE AND FORTUNE MAKING

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. WASHINGTON, Jan. 31 .- The best business man in President Harrison's Cabinet is Postmaster General Wanamaker. His department at Washington is the biggest business department under the Government, not excepting the Treasury, and Mr. Wansmaker manages it, as far as possible, on business principles. The views of such a man on business matters cannot but be of great interest, and I called at the postoffice building at 4:30 o'clock this atternoon to have, if possible, a chat with the Postmaster General on the financial situation.

Half past 4 o'clock P. M. is a good time to catch the Postmaster General. He gets to the Department at about 8 o'clock in the morning or an hour before his clerks begin to arrive, and at 4:30 the great building is deserted, the Postmaster General has gotten through with his most important business and he is finishing up his work, which ends between 5 and 6 P. M. every day. I found him dietating a letter and after he had fin-ished asked him to tell me his opinion of the causes of the present financial stringency. He replied:

Opposed to Free Coinage. "As to the financial situation, I think the trouble has tided over for a time. We were in dauger of a panic, but we have escaped it and matters will move smoothly from now on. The tightness of the times is largely due to the lack in the amount of our circu-lating medium. We need a more elastic currency, but we need one that is based on a different principle than that of 80 cents worth of silver to the dollar.

"I would be in favor of the free coinage of silver if it were based on the market value of silver, but the putting of 80 cents into a coln and marking it 100 cents is just as bad as though you should out three pecks of wheat into a bushel and by marking the measure "full" should try to make the people of the world believe that it would people of the world believe that it would pass for a bushel, and that they should pay the same price for it as when they received four pecks instead of three. The free coinage bill may become a law, but I don't believe it will last a year longer than the Congress that enacts it. The results of it will be such that the next Congress will have to reveal it."

About Postal Savings Banks. "How about your postal savings banks scheme, Mr. Postmaster General," I askeds
"Would not such institutions increase the
hoarding of the mency by the people and
add to financial stringencies like the

"Not at all," replied Mr. Wanamaker, would be these postal savings banks. They would bring into active circulation \$100,000,000,000 which are now hoarded away in stockings, tucked beneath the rafters or sandwiched under the carpets or buried beneath the hearthstones. Whenever a bank falls this hoarding increases. The people feel that they have their principal safe if they lose the interest. They consider their hiding places better than the banks, but they have such a confidence in the Gove ernment that they would deposit their noney at once if postal savings banks were organized. My plan provides that the money shall be loaned under proper security to the banks in the States from which the savings come, and this would at once put the money into circulation. I want to see of the home of every working man. The in-fluence of depositors upon their fellows would be marked, and thousands of dollars

would be saved by people who now save nothing.
The Experience of Others.

"Last year the total amount of the de-posits of the savings banks in Great Britain was just about \$100,000,000, and the poor among the French deposit about \$50,000,000 every year in the Postal Savings Banks, The deposits are increasing in all the countries of Europe which have adopted the Postal Savings Bank system, and a large proportion of the savings are deposited by minors, showing that they are great educators in the school of economy and accumula-tion. It would be a good thing for the boys of the country and would aid them to make

As Mr. Wanamaker said these words I thought of his start in life, and my mind rapidly ran over his career as I have heard it reported. I could see him a little fair-faced boy, living in the country and walking four miles every day into Philadelphia to clerk in a bookstore at \$1 25 a week. I could see him as a little older he received \$1 50 a week in a clothing store, and then, year by year and dollar by dollar as he year by year and dollar by dollar as he grew and saved till he got his start and founded the big store which now employs thousands of clerks and which gives him an income of perhaps a thousand times as much every week as he made when he

Wanamaker's Great Wealth Mr. Wanamaker is said to be worth milland it is said that the Philadelphia store makes a number of times the President's salary every year. Its business runs into millions, and during one year, by its cooperative principle, it paid, I am told, to the clerks alone \$100,000 in excess of their salaries. And still the man who has created this business is as yet in his prime. He is 53, but he does not look to he more than 40, and as he talked I wondere

or his success was due to luck and circumstances, and I asked:
"Do you think, Mr. Wanamaker, that the chances of business success are as great to-day as they have been in your past? Suppose you were a boy again as you were 40 years ago; do you think you would have as fair a chance to make a fortune and to do good work as you have done?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wanamaker, "I think I could succeed as well now as in the past. It seems to me that the conditions of to-day are even more favorable to success than when I was a boy. There are better facilities for doing business and there is more business to be done. Information in the shape of books and newspapers is now in the reach of all, and the young man has two opportunities where he formerly had one."

The Combines and Trusts. "But do not the monopolies and trusts that now prevail compete with and clog individ-

ual enterprise to an extent that they have never done before?"
"I think," replied Mr. Wanamaker, "that we are much more afraid of combinations of

capital than we have any reason for be Competition regulates everything of that kind. No organisation can make immense profits for any length of time without its